

"Of course I'm ashamed to be such a blubber-baby, Wiki-Wiki," Roberta True confessed forlornly to the sympathetic tawny puppy, "but it's no small matter to miss a Christmas house party you've counted on for a month! The parties Annette had planned, and that wonderful concert Friday night, —oh dear!"

The wriggling young collie licked Roberta's ear by way of expressing his entire understanding of her woes; then as the outside door opened, admitting rain, wild wind, and a small kimono-clad figure, he dashed outside for no reason except that he might whine and demand to be let in again.

"Oh, it's you, Muki!" Roberta uncurled herself from the window seat where she had allowed herself the luxury of being perfectly miserable while alone. Her blue eyes sought the comfort that beamed for her in the loyal little housekeeper's face. "It's a terrific storm, isn't it?" sighed Roberta, glancing out of the windows that looked forth on a depressing scene of sodden gray beach and tempestuous frothing sea. "The first kona storm for ages, and of course," her grievance simply had to pop out in company, "it had to come tearing up from Australia just in time to spoil my Christmas trip to Honolulu! I'm homesick to see all my schoolmates again, and they had planned everything nice imaginable. Of course, the parties and drives can be postponed, but to miss hearing that young violinist I've counted on so—"

Here Roberta was obliged to resort to the little wet wad that had once resembled a handkerchief. Her feelings were quite as dismal as the weather that was responsible for the interior dampness, as if it shouldn't have been content with the havoc wrought outdoors! The hibiscus blossoms lay scattered like drenched red butterflies; the palms, half stripped of their plummy leaves, bowed resignedly to the tireless wind. Almost to the gay hedge about the low plantation house the tide swept, roaring and dashing furiously. The little harbor, so calm and serene a few hours before, had been touched with swift madness by the tempest furies that seemed bent on the

Roberta's Christmas Refugees

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

In Two Parts
Part One



A RICE FIELD IN HAWAII

destruction of the beautiful coffee and sugar-cane plantation, if not the entire island of Hawaii.

Roberta buried her blonde head in a pillow at a particularly malevolent blast that shook the cottage and dashed salt spray sharply against the south windows. "It's w-worse and worse!" she wailed, then with a sigh rose to admit a yapping, repentant puppy who scampered in from his brief battle with the elements, and resembling an animated mud pie, hurled himself onto his mistress with disastrous results to her linen skirt.

"Oh, you little villain!" The diversion was immediate, but on the whole salutary, for Roberta's attention for the next quarter of an hour was confined to scolding Wiki-Wiki, attempting to repair the mischief done, and finally changing to fresh raiment. During this program Muki fluttered in and out, watching the fire she had kindled, starting the evening meal, and commiserating generally with her "Missy-Lob." The consonant "r" was conspicuous by its absence from Muki's alphabet. Roberta was affectionately "Rob" to Dr. True, therefore "Lob" to the faithful little Jap, who since the dear mother's death had steered deftly and devotedly the lonely ship Household. Muki had been a picture bride coming from Tokio to Honolulu in her dainty youth. In her young widowhood she had become Mrs. True's invaluable helper, and both the Doctor and Roberta were entirely dependent on her.

But Muki still clung to a language of her own, fearful and unique. It was a hodge-podge of pidgin English, punctuated with apt Hawaiian phrases, with occasional lapses into her native tongue—this latter being the despair of Roberta, who could only reduce Muki to reason by pretending to be stone deaf in such crises. "Too much bad, Missy-Lob," Muki sympathized now in her soft voice as the little getas flap-flapped to and fro as Muki mopped up Wiki's shameless tracks. "Weather he act all papuli (crazy) and too much lain all one time," she summed up Roberta's convictions perfectly. But Muki looked to a brighter future. "By'm by lain he stop, then you go Hono-lu-lu and have velly fine

time. No more cly. Clitmas pilikia (trouble) all pau! (over)"

"Sh! Here's daddy!" cautioned Roberta suddenly as a side door was flung open and a tall broad-shouldered boyish man in an old slicker made a bee-line for the fireplace with remarks derogatory to the weather. Roberta relieved him of his wet garments, chattering like a mynah bird in the bamboo.

"Pretty bad, isn't it daddy? Will it ruin the cane they cut yesterday, or did they get it under cover? Oh, that's good! And how is that poor little Portuguese baby today? And the old Filipino woman? Oh, I'm so glad. You're starved, aren't you? How long till supper, Muki?" she called.

From her cheery domain Muki replied hopefully, "Lice he done. Feesh, plitty quick. Mebbe so, fifteen minute more, chow time."

But Muki did not reckon with the element of fate that was even then driving landward, caught in the claws of the gale, and destined to delay "chow" indefinitely. Dr. True had drawn his charming daughter to the arm of his chair and was administering the mental medicine he felt her case demanded.

"Poor Rob-Roy!" he comforted, stroking her soft fair hair. "You'll have to postpone Oahu fun and put up with a home-made Christmas, I'm afraid! No boat's going to leave Hiló till this rumps lets up, for that inter-island trip is no picnic at best."

"Weep no more, my lady!" quoted Roberta cheerfully. "Well, it's all right, daddy. The girls will understand and the fun will keep. Why, even His Honor, old Santa, will have to take a submarine or an airplane to make it!" she giggled. "Of course I feel worst about the concert—but it may be 'brite and fare' by that time, as the small boy wrote in his diary. I'm wild to hear that talented Australian family, especially the young violinist."

Her father nodded. Roberta was a violinist of possibilities, herself, and her heart had been set on hearing the young girl, who, with her musical mother and brother, was to give the Islanders a treat before sailing onward to laurels awaiting her in "the States."

A loud knocking interrupted the confidential chat and Muki admitted a husky young Hawaiian, son of the overseer, who reported with suppressed excitement, that a boat, apparently a private yacht, was in grave trouble some distance off-shore.

(To be continued)

Blue Birds and Good Works

BY BELLA DIMICK

(Concluded)

THE weeks flew by and the week of the sale arrived. The Blue-birds were all excitement, for their mothers had given their consent, and offered their assistance, in preparing the stock. There was school, of course, which meant that no Blue-bird could be at the sale until late in the afternoon, so that the teacher had to be first on the scene. She was assigned a small table in a good corner and had set it forth with a white cover and bows of dark blue tissue, when the first Bird appeared on the scene. This was Edna, who had dates, stuffed and sugared. Next came Marjorie, with a box of chocolate fudge; and Geraldine, with pink and white confections. Then Josephine with lemon flakes, and Doris, with peanut brittle. Then Dorothea came, and she was the only one who brought cakes: she had a bag of round, white cookies, with scallops on the edges. Wait until you hear about the gifts! Miss Wells, the church musician, brought a big paper bag filled with little round, spicy cakes; just the smell of them made you hungry. I don't know what made Miss Wells offer this donation, unless to see the surprise and pleasure in the Blue-birds' faces. The teacher's sister borrowed a cutter, and made quantities of cookie boys. Each boy had pink cheeks, and currant eyes. His jacket was covered with icing and had currant buttons. The boys, two in a box, sold for ten cents. The teacher furnished the boxes. They were of bright blue cardboard, and the printing on the top was covered with white ceiling paper, pasted on; in the middle of this was pasted a blue bird, cut from shelf paper. Maybe you think the table didn't look fine, with the stock all arranged, and surrounded by six little girls, with caps made of blue-bird paper. But it did!

The ladies who had the grown-folks' table generously gave a pile of bags, of different sizes. The teacher had brought her desk scales, on which at home she weighed letters, papers and small packages. The Blue Birds were afraid they could not weigh a sufficient amount on such small scales.

"How many ounces does it register?" inquired the teacher. Heads promptly obscured the scales. "Eight!" came the answer.

"Well, how many ounces in a pound?" asked the teacher, and after some thought, and looking at each other, they said "Sixteen." "If we sell half a pound to a person, we shall be doing well," said the teacher. "If anyone wants a whole pound, what shall we do?" "Weigh two bags full!" came the reply.

A blue-bird saucer was to hold the money, and soon there were three pieces in it. Then the counting began. Authorities have shown that money loses in weight by handling, and I am sure this money would have been found very much lighter than before, if the one who took it to the bank next morning had called for a test! Between sales, one member or another was going carefully over the amount. When there was \$1.25 in the dish, someone hoped that the total might go as high as \$5.00, and each time the counting took place, the nearer to that sum it grew; until at last it passed the mark! Of course, it had to be counted now, for it might go to six! It did. It went to \$6.35!

The tabourettes stood near at hand, during the sale, and many were the guesses as to their cost. "Do you think it will take all our money to pay for them?" the Blue Birds asked each other, as the coins mounted in the saucer.

At last there was an end. The candies, all but a few crumbs and sugar, were all gone,—and the cakes, barring a few broken pieces, had been sold. Think what it meant to those Blue Birds, to refrain from tasting, during the sale! Some had bought cookie boys, and some candy, but had put it away, until after the sale. It would not have been attractive to customers to see the little clerks with their mouths and hands full. License was now given, and the dignified sales-girls became rapid eaters. Soon there was nothing left—but the money.

The teacher let the little girls go, in a body, in search of the man who held the Blue Birds' fate in his grasp. Presently, they came rushing back, their faces alight with surprise and joy.

"He—he didn't want to take anything—" "But we made him promise to take pay for the wood!" All speaking at once, this was the import. Then they began to figure how much money would be left, but were so excited they each got a different result.

"Miss Wells is getting a fund for a poor family; perhaps you would like to give to that," said the teacher, who went on to tell how the family had lost their

house by fire, and with it everything they owned. The Blue Birds were so eager to give, that it was hard to get the thing properly done; at last, however, the President called the meeting to order, and it was first ordered that the wood for the tabourettes be paid for, with the thanks of the Blue Birds: then the proposition to aid the family which had lost its home by fire received attention. It was voted to give a dollar and the meeting lasted until the treasurer had separated this sum from the rest, went to find Miss Wells.

Their thoughts were so fired by the suffering family that their just dues to Mr. Horn took second place. Returning, with eyes like stars, they all took Mr. Horn his money and his thanks.

A reminder to the secretary to write notes of thanks to all who had so kindly remembered the Blue Birds, closed the evening. Among the treasures of the teacher's sister is a little sheet, which says:

"Dear Mrs. Sant:

The Blue Birds want to thank you for the gift of cookie boys for their sale. It was most kind of you to make them.

Yours very truly,

Geraldine ———
Secretary."

From time to time, during the year, parts of the sum remaining were given by the class. There was a dollar for the poor Unitarian children of Transylvania. Josephine, as treasurer, sent this to Mrs. St. John, who had charge of the fund. I do not know what she said, but it prompted Mrs. St. John to take time, in her busy life, to write a long letter in reply. Josephine says she will keep it always. There was a dollar voted to the Day Nursery, and seven little gowns made for the Visiting Nurses' Association.

Can you wonder that "birds of a feather flock together?"

The Usual Symptoms

BY MARJORIE DILLON

IT'S nearly time for Santa Claus, And oh, the change in Harry! His lessons great improvement show, He minds his table manners so— It's mystifying, very!

He hurries home from school—oh yes! (His custom was to tarry;) He minds the baby like a lamb, And never *thinks* of stealing jam! His face is clean and merry.

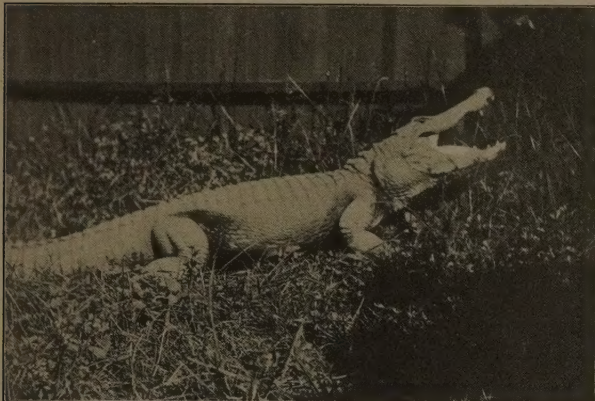
He used to stamp about the house, But now his step is airy; He runs his errands with a grin, And blithely brings the kindling in,— Oh, he's the household fairy!

His mother's hoping it will last, But father just looks wary. He used to be a boy, that's why He gets it all with half an eye— This great reform in Harry!

Raising Saurians

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS

Of all the strange kinds of husbandry, alligator farming is perhaps the strangest.



One of the veterans of the Los Angeles Alligator Farm.

Alligator skins, when tanned, make the strongest of leather, while the peculiar checkings give to it a distinctive appearance. For these reasons, persons of means are willing to pay high prices for alligator bags and novelties.

In their native haunts, alligators live in the swamps of our southern gulf states. But here they are rapidly becoming extinct, owing to the draining of the land and the depredations of hunters. To prevent their extermination and to supply the demands of the market, resort has been made to raising them in captivity. There are now several alligator "farms" in the southeast and one in the West, at Los Angeles, California. This last is probably the best known of all, the animals having appeared many times on the movie screen.

One might suppose that the raising of creatures accustomed to the freedom of the wilds would require a large acreage of ground; but this is not the case. At the Los Angeles farm, a thousand or more alligators are kept in a thriving condition on a space little bigger than a city block. Here are twenty enclosures, each containing a small pond and from two to one hundred alligators.

Alligators reared in captivity are not dangerous to their keepers if properly handled. But, among themselves, they fight ferociously. They are cannibals, the larger ones devouring the smaller when opportunity affords. For this reason they are kept carefully assorted as to size and strength.

The alligator does not mate until twenty years of age. After this each pair is given an enclosure to itself. The female alligator lays from thirty to eighty eggs a year, depositing them in a single day in a heap of leaves and earth. In the natural state, the young appear sixty days later, having been hatched by the heat from the rotting of the nest, the mother simply watching to keep harm

away. In captivity, however, the eggs are at once removed and placed in an incubator.

During the winter months, the alligators take no food and are sluggish and sleepy in appearance. From the first of April to the last of September, they are fed upon fresh meat two or three times a week, eating ravenously in the hottest weather, during which time they store up flesh in their heavy tails to keep them alive through the winter.

One does not wonder at the price asked for alligator bags when it is realized that it takes twenty years to raise one to sufficient size to make a lady's hand bag, and fifty for a traveling bag. A peculiar thing about the alligator is the fact that as long as it lives it continues to grow, even though, as is said to be sometimes the case, this may be five hundred years.

But the alligator farmer does not depend solely on the sale of bags for his income. He chooses a location much visited by tourists, and every day in the year he takes in a goodly sum in gate receipts. Baby alligators are sold for pets, and larger ones are furnished to shows and zoological gardens. When one is killed, the meat goes to feed its living fellows, and every part of the hide is worked up in some form. Heads and forefeet adorn the bags, the hind feet make coin purses, while small scraps are used for pocket books and fancy articles of various sorts. So by one means or another, the alligator man makes his business a profitable one.

Feelings and Will

BY H. O. SPELMAN

Said Charlie Baubee: "It just seems to me

A person should do as he feels."

"All right," mother said, so she just lay in bed

And never got him his meals.

In a very short time Charlie asked for a dime,

But his father just felt to say "no."

Said Charlie Baubee: "It's will, I can see, Not feeling, that makes the world go."

Et Al

BY ELLEN C. LLORAS

"JOHN BROWN *et al*," chuckled Margie, picking up a legal paper on her uncle's desk.

"It means 'and others,'" explained Uncle Frank. "That keeps me from having to run a long list of names sometimes. I just give one name, and say 'et al' for the rest."

Just then some clients came in and Margie skipped away home.

It was several days later when he dropped in at his sister's for an hour one evening. Margie was in the kitchen busily making candy.

"Say, is that for me, pet?" he called laughingly.

"Yes, Uncle Frank, it's for you—et al," she laughed back.

"I want to thank you, Frank, for giving Margie that expression," explained his sister. "Ever since she was in your office that day she's been doing everything for me 'et al'; for herself 'et al'; always for somebody 'et al'. I thought it was just funny at first; but it really has made her more considerate of everyone. In trying to bring her new phrase into use she has extended her activities to take in as many as possible. I like



Enjoying life on the "Farm."

it."

"Well," remarked Uncle Frank, "I have always had a high opinion of the majesty of the law and of its beneficent working for the children of men, but I never saw the worth of this particular bit of legality demonstrated in just this way before."

"Here's your candy, Uncle Frank—yours et al," announced Margie.

"If an S and an I, and an O and an U, With an X at the end spell 'Su,' And an E and an Y and an E spell I, What can a speller do?

For if an S and an I and a G and an HED spell 'side,'

There's naught for the speller to do, But commit 'SIOUXEYESIGHED'."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BLUFFTON, GA.

Dear Miss Buck and Beacon Readers: It has been three years almost since I joined the Beacon Club and I expect you've forgotten me. But I have been a silent member and a reader of *The Beacon* all the time. A kind friend sends it to me each week and I and my little sisters certainly enjoy it; and we have lots of fun trying to solve the puzzles in the Recreation Corner.

I suppose most of you are in school. I am studying at home this year. My health has been bad all the fall and my eyes are troubling me quite a bit now.

What did you folks do this last summer? I visited my grandmother who lives not far from the Chattahoochee River and we had delightful times. Then I went to singing school two weeks which closed with an all-day sing. The finest singers in Southwest Georgia came to it. We built a long table under the pine trees, near the church, and served dinner out there.

Do any of you make tatting? I am making some and am making a silk quilt, too.

This is the week of the Seventh Annual Early County Fair which is held at Blakely, Ga. I shall go Friday, which is the school-children's day. I expect to have a nice time. I live in Early County.

Didn't you all enjoy Joyce Pearson's letter in the last *Beacon*? I did.

I have lost my club button so am sending a two-cent stamp for another.

With best wishes for all of you, I am,

Very cordially yours,

FLORENE COLLINS.

(Thank you, Florene, for this interesting letter. The Editor hopes that you will write to some club member of your own age, and that some girl in one of the northern states will write to you.)

638 CHANNING AVE.,
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck: I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday-school and would like to join the Beacon Club. There are lots more members going to Sunday-school than last year.

Yours truly,

GERTRUDE ELLEN HUEME.

Church School News

A VERY impressive service was given in the church school at Berkeley, Calif., in celebration of the eighty-second birthday of Rev. Frederick Lucien Hosmer. All our readers will know Dr. Hosmer as the writer of many of our familiar hymns. The beautiful Berkeley chapel was made more lovely than ever with flowers. An account of the service is sent to us by a member of the school, George Frederick Rhinehardt, who writes: "The Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley arranged a celebration for the eighty-second birthday of Dr. Hosmer, who was for many years minister of the church. He is now its most honored member. The program was not long. Its chairman was the writer of this letter, who is a pupil in the Sunday-school. When Dr. Hosmer had been led to his chair, every member of the Sunday-school marched up and gave him an offering of flowers. An address of welcome and congratulation was made by the chairman, to which Dr. Hosmer replied. He was then escorted to his seat in the church. I hope that this report will be of interest to readers of *The Beacon*."

The school of our Germantown, Pa., church meets during the time of the church service. It is divided into two sections each having its own service of worship and Superintendent. The two sections of the school assemble together one Sunday in each month for a common service. One service in the Primary group was conducted by a member of the third Primary grade, a boy eight years old. He announced the hymns, called on two or three members of his own class to read the Scriptures and other parts of the service, announced

a song and motto verse by the Kindergarten class, and in all ways conducted the service excellently well. The pupils were interested not alone in the part that each individual or class took in the service, but in hearing the others and in the hymns and concert recitations in which all joined. The growth of this school in recent years has been remarkable and it has now attained a membership of ninety. Two mottoes printed on the church calendar show the aim of those who are conducting the school: "Moral persons are the products of a moral environment. We aim to furnish and create an atmosphere of righteous thought. Men are ruled by their admirations. We seek to hold constantly before the eyes of childhood and youth the ideals which have stood the test of the ages and in which lies the hope of the world."

A new school has been organized in the Unitarian Church at Tulsa, Okla., of which Rev. Fred A. Line is minister. The attendance the first Sunday was 14, the third Sunday, 28. Four classes have been organized, with capable teachers, and the Cradle Roll started. Good wishes to this new Unitarian school! Perhaps some boy or girl in it will write to the Beacon Club; and we hope other schools will send greetings to this new school.

At Athol, Mass., Rev. Edmund Booth Young, minister, the attendance record is kept on a poster. For this quarter, the design is a large Christmas tree. Each class that has all members present pastes an ornament on the tree. This device has greatly stimulated regularity of attendance, the average for the whole school during the autumn having been 65.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 33, 63, 80, 5, 43, is a girl's name.
My 25, 1, 6, 72, 50, 28, is a metal.
My 60, 71, 70, 9, 41, is a color.
My 19, 42, 78, 24, is a coin.
My 17, 54, 66, 44, 13, is a flower.
My 57, 75, 17, 74, 23, is a fruit.
My 6, 20, 2, 65, 68, 21, is a tree.
My 38, 34, 39, 62, is a useless plant.
My 15, 31, 36, 60, 55, is not tender.
My 49, 46, 14, 37, 9, is a shelter.
My 32, 76, 7, 3, is a part of the body.
My 12, 52, 51, is to drag by a rope.
My 77, 27, 35, 67, is a water animal.
My 22, 29, 26, is a gift of money.
My 69, 4, 73, 57, is a conveyance.
My 59, 10, 47, 48, is a stronghold.
My 45, 79, 8, 61, 53, 56, 30, 5, is a person particularly liked.
My 11, 40, 64, is that which excites merriment.
My 16, 58, 18, 44, is to sharpen.
My whole is a statement used in many Unitarian churches.

ROBERT U. INGALLS.

(Robert assures us this enigma is "not as hard as it looks." Shall we show him we are not daunted by things that may look difficult? Send in your answers. Editor.)

RIDDLE

You have one, a church has one;
A stream may have one, too.
Your class at school always has one
(Sometimes that one is you).
Stand on your own, if so you will,
But do not toss or hang it;
And never lose it in a crowd
Or you will surely hang it.

Youth's Companion.

WORD SQUARE

1. A family union.
2. A narrow road.
3. A woman's name.
4. Not far off.

Ethel S. Williams.

FOUND IN PUMPKIN

1. Two animals.
2. A flower.
3. A sharp little instrument.
4. Relatives.
5. A pinch.
6. A play on words.
7. A seed.

The Target.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10

ENIGMA XVIII.—Recreation Corner.

ENIGMA XIX.—The One Thousandth Psalm.

CHARADE.—In-tim-i-date—Intimidate.

WORD PUZZLES.—1. Theodore Roosevelt. 2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 3. George Dewey. 4. Noah Webster. 5. Samuel L. Clemens. (Mark Twain). 6. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 7. James Whitcomb Riley. 8. Robert E. Lee. 9. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

TWISTED MAGAZINES.—1. Literary Digest. 2. Youth's Companion. 3. Geographical (Geographic). 4. Delineator. 5. Harper's Magazine.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press